

A

Pastoral ELEGY  
ON THE  
DEATH  
OF  
C A L I S T A.  
*on* ~~1700~~ Oldfield the famous actress  
Humbly Inscrib'd to the Honourable  
Col. C———R C H I L L.

*She was His Mistris, buried in Westminster Abby  
but well not the Dean & Chapter so for money*

*She's gone, and I shall see that Face no more,  
But pine in Absence, and till Death adore !  
When with cold Dew my fainting Brow is hung,  
And my Eyes darken, from my fault'ring Tongue  
Her Name will tremble in a feeble Moan,  
And Love, with Fate, divide my dying Groan.*

YOUNG'S Revenge.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for W. TROTTER, at the Seven Stars in Russel-Court,  
Drury-Lane. MDCCXXX. [Price 6 d.]

154.77.674 F\*

Playboy Edition

THE KODAK

HARVARD COLLEGE  
JUL 7 1933

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*Nichols Fund*

HEAD

TO

CARD CAFE

Happy Holidays to the Holidays

COL CAFE

Spes, love, and I pass the time we make  
But time is life, and this does not  
We pass time, but time passes us  
Time is life, but life is not time  
How time does pass us, we shall see to-morrow

Yours, etc.,

John W. Tolson  
[A. S. S.]

13-30  
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## A

*Pastoral ELEGY*  
ON THE  
DEATH of *CALISTA.*

*ALEXIS* and *ARCAS.*

*ARCAS.*

STAY, friendly Swain, and hear a Lover's Woe ;  
Hear my sad Grief, e'er you prepare to go.  
What healing Balmes can Galen's Sons impart,  
To each a Mournful, Love-sick, Broken Heart ?

*ALEXIS.*

Tell me the Cause, and whence these Sighs proceed,  
And trust me, *ARCAS*, I'll assist your Need :  
Strange unto me this pow'rful Grief appears,  
For Fortune ever waited on your Years ;  
E'en from thy Cradle, when thy filken Frame  
Scarce cou'd the *Winter's* piercing Colds sustain ;  
Thy Infant Smiles delighted all the Grove,  
And e'ry grateful Heart was touch'd with Love :

When careful *Nature*, with her bounteous Grace,  
 Added fresh Beauties to your Manly Face ;  
 The Joy wert thou of e'ry *Nymph* and *Swain*,  
 The Pride and Glory of our flow'ry Plain ;  
 Joy crown'd your Presence, and your Absence, Pain :  
 Each *Nymph* ador'd ; but you *CALISTA* lov'd,  
*CALISTA*'s Eyes soft secret Wishes mov'd  
 In *ARCAS* Soul, and *ARCAS* her subdu'd :  
 Blest in such Concord, easy roul'd each Life,  
 You were the *Husband*, she the happy *Wife* :  
 Why then doth mournful Sorrow press your Brow,  
 When *Heav'n* benignly seal'd th' exchanging Vow ?

### *ARCAS.*

True, *Heav'n* did bless me to its utmost Power,  
 But, Oh ! how soon doth fade the loveliest Flower !  
 Link'd in *CALISTA*'s Arms, I knew no Room  
 For Grief, nor thought of my approaching Doom.  
*CALISTA* was the Harbour of my Ease,  
*CALISTA*'s Tongue allur'd my Soul to Peace !  
 But robb'd of every Sweet : Seducing Night  
 Shatter'd my full-fraught Vessel of Delight ;  
 Bulg'd on some Rock, no helping Hand was nigh,  
 I sinking fell beneath a fickle Sky.  
 O Grief to think what Havock cruel Death  
 Has made by seizing her delightful Breath !  
 No rosy Mixture, nor as *Lilly* fair,  
 Dwells on her Cheek, — No, — *Tyrant-Death* is there :  
 What wond'rous Wealth that *Monarch* has destroy'd,  
 What purest Painting with black Earth alloy'd !

*ALEXIS.*

*ALEXIS.*

*CALISTA* dead ; --- Sufficient Cause to grieve ;  
 Thy Woes to share, *O ARCAS !* give me Leave.  
 Some Comfort take to thy distracted Breast,  
 And sooth thy stormy Cares with healing Rest.  
 The tender Birds have caught the dismal Tale,  
 And all in mournful Notes the Loss bewail ;  
 They hang their Wings, and droop their little Heads :  
 The budding Flowers, too, die within their Beds.  
 The Silver Stream forsakes its Current Round,  
 And o'er the Pebbles leaves a dying Sound.  
 Mourn all you Love-sick Turtles, and deplore  
 Th' universal Loss : --- *CALISTA* is no more !

*ARCAS.*

Mourn all you lovely *Nymphs* and *Swains*, tho' Blest ;  
 And view my Fate ; then think how short's your Rest.  
 If partial *Death* shou'd steal your *Loves* away ;  
 What a long mournful Night succeeds an happy Day !  
 Let Seas and Rivers all their Floods unbind,  
 And sweep a drowning Deluge o'er Mankind.  
 And let the *Gods* with Light'ning scorch the *Plains*,  
 To blast the sickly Hopes of labouring *Swains*.  
 All bless the Ruin, and embrace their Fate,  
 For *Sorrow* comes too soon, *Joy* comes too late.

*ALEXIS.*

Nor stop your Wish, but farther let it spread ; How poor we  
 For sure all *Nature* with *CALISTA*'s dead.

See, *Heav'n* in Pity mourns with equal Pains,  
 And drowns our *Meads* with open *Skies* and *Rains*;  
 Last Night, when *Morpheus* had my Senses charm'd,  
 A frightful Vision all my Soul alarm'd :  
 Under the Covert of yon' Beechy Grove,  
 The only, sweet Retirement for Love !  
 I saw thee, *ARCAS*, fondling of an *Ewe* ;  
 Unseen by thee, I did at Distance view  
 A prowling *Wolf* with meagre Looks and Jaws,  
 Tearing a tender *Lamb* with forked Paws :  
 His Maw half fed with such delicious Blood,  
 He posted eagerly to kinder Food ;  
 Siezing your *Ewe*, he tore her milky Womb,  
 And made his hungry Paunch her marble Tomb :  
 O dreadful *Omen* ! that portended true ;  
*CALISTA*'s Fall, and then, the Fall of you !

### *ARCAS.*

My Fall, *ALEXIS*, must on hers attend ;  
 The sweetest Comforter, and choicest Friend !  
 Let first these Tears their boundless Duty pay,  
 And may kind Angels guard her on her Way  
 To those Abodes where soft Content resides,  
 And e'ry Vessel moves with springing Tides :  
 Serenely Calm, and from loud Torrents free ;  
 May she prepare a *Path* of *Bliss* for me.  
 No *Second* *TOWNLEY* can we hope to see  
 In *Grace* and *Action* ever equal thee :  
 How poor will then *PHILAUTUS* *Language* seem,  
 When robb'd and plunder'd of his only *Theme* !

Or,

Or, how will *STREPHON*'s Words delight the Ear,  
 Where thou *CALISTA* never can appear?  
 Mourn all you *Fair*, and to soft Groves retire,  
 In solitary *Joys* divert your lambent Fire.

### *ALEXIS.*

Her Speech hath oft inflam'd coy *Prudes* to Love,  
 And made the wild *Coquet* desist to rove ;  
 Forsake her Pleasures for the leafy Grove.  
 When active Passion warm'd her tender Heart,  
 Kind *Virgins* redden'd, and base *Men* wou'd smart :  
 Each felt a *Motive* none wou'd dare to name,  
 The *Tyrant*'s Falshood, and the *Maiden*'s Shame !

### *ARCAS.*

Untaught by her ; Now each their Crimes pursue ;  
 None will reflect ; None have her in their View :  
 Resistless Passions will their Tempers warm,  
 And all will break, or else unbind the Charm.  
 Void of vain *Hope*, but, certain of *Despair*,  
 And robb'd of all my *only Houn' of Care*.  
 Lead me, *ALEXIS*, to her clayey *Mould*,  
 And once more let my Arms her *Coarse* infold ;  
 And weep a Show'r, dissolving Life away,  
 And so by slow Degrees sink to Decay :  
 While you, to prove a *just* and *tender* Friend,  
 Search e'ry *Plain*, and either bring, or send  
 Those scented Beauties of our Earthly Fields,  
 Where *Nature* her exub'rant Bounty yields,

To

To deck my Love upon her Bridal Way,  
In all the purple pomp, and rich Array,  
Which neighbouring Meads, and verdant Banks afford,  
To bless the Wishes of their bounteous Lord.

When this is done, for I cannot survive

The mighty Loss ; -- While you *ALEXIS* live !

O lay my fainting Frame close by her Side,

In Death, as Life, the BRIDEGRoom and the BRIDE.

When aye her Pleasures for the lasty Glove,  
When aye her Passion warm'd her tender Heart,  
King Nelly's beddeyn'd, and pale Face now'd first,  
Each like a Vane, none wond'rd to have,  
The Dame's Folly, and the Woman's Spleene !

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## A R C A D I A

Unwillingly per'd, now as I see, the Gunnes briste  
None will refuge ; None will have a chearful View :  
Refuller's Passage, and  
And all will please, as I see.  
Void of any H'p', per'd  
And lopp'd of all my  
Peyre we, ALEXIS, of thyselfe wondry  
Any once more let my Arms per' Crys intoly ;  
And weep a Show, a dyligoyng Eye sawd  
Any to thy Delties turn to Death :  
Wife your to prove a lyfe, and swdey Friend  
Sesely, geth' Twine, and g' g'arter Ning I or F'ng  
Thos' louingest Beastes of our Earthly Fieldes  
Where Dame per' exup'st Bonny blydes

To